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THE TATLER

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H.M. THE QUEEN VISITS THE WOUNDED

A surprise visit by Her Majesty to a hospital near London last week, brought cheer and encouragement to a batch of wounded men from the B.E.F. who have lately arrived there from France. The Queen, whose indefatigable devotion in leading the women of England in their contribution to our tremendous effort is an inspiration to all, charmed the men, as she does every one, with her friendly personal interest in their welfare



THE HOME FRONT

"The Tatler" in Town and Country

"What e'er men do, or say or think or dream
Our motley paper feizes for its theme."

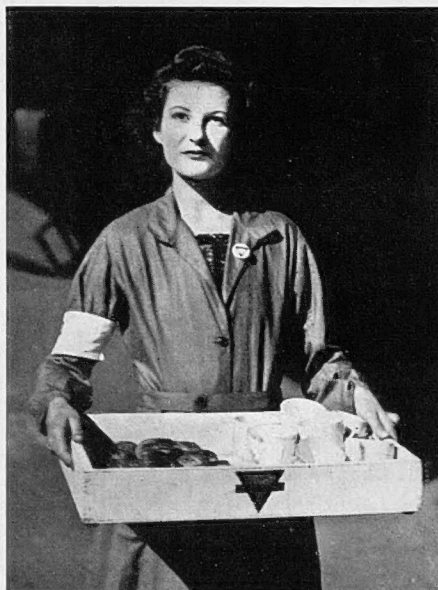
The "slogan," from Juvenal, which prefaced Sir Richard Steele's original "Tatler" of 1709

Six Hundred and Twenty Years Ago

The "Old and True" series of quotations in *The Times* has long provided comfort and entertainment for those who would rather not read the news. It surprises me that the letter written by the parliament of Robert the Bruce, sitting at Arbroath in 1320, to the Pope at Avignon, has not yet been quoted. I give you its greatest sentence as a toast—"For it is not Glory, it is not Riches, neither is it Honour, but it is Liberty alone that we fight and contend for, which no honest man will lose but with his life." As the Pope's address indicates, these words were written in the Dark Ages, when good things were in a bad way everywhere. It is imperative to remember that not only England, but civilization has seen dark days before.

On Intercession Sunday

Readers overseas who do not see our daily papers may like to hear about the extraordinary spectacle London presented on the morning of Sunday, May 26, the streets almost empty, the people hurrying to join the queues outside every church—queues longer than for the cinemas in prosperous times. Cynics remarked that it took a grave peril and a Royal Decree to persuade many English (as opposed to Scottish) citizens to go to church again, but the fact remains that when the doors of Westminster Abbey were closed, a



CHARMING CANTEEN WORKER

Viscountess Anson is "doing her bit" in the Y.M.C.A. Soldiers' Canteen at Tay Bridge Station, Dundee. Before her marriage she was Miss Anne Bowes-Lyon, daughter of the late Hon. John Bowes-Lyon, and is a niece of the Queen

great concourse of those left outside held a service on the lawn between the main door and St. Margaret's, Westminster, which was also packed. Unfortunately the tunes chosen at St. Margaret's were unknown to the congregation, who gave the impression of being pathetically anxious to join in. When will the C. of E. borrow the Presbyterian metrical version of "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills," with its simple, beautiful tune? But the address could not have been better.

Members of Parliament who exercised their privilege by occupying the pews reserved for them included Sir "Bro" Beauchamp accompanied by Lady Evelyn in a cheerful red hat; Sir Walter Smiles from Ulster (who, having failed to get into the Abbey, said "If we can't get in here I don't know where to try," to which someone replied, "There's standing room at St. Martin-in-the-Fields") and Mr. Charles Emmott, darkly sunburnt from the veldt. He had arrived the day before after a most interesting tour of South Africa, where to his surprise he became a radio star talking about the war. His deep voice drew a romantic fan mail. He has come back hoping to fight as he did in his 'teens "last time."

At the Theatre

Those who thought *Les Enfants Terribles* would not translate were confounded by the production at the Gate. To put it mildly

(Continued on page 366)



THE LORD HIGH COMMISSIONER OF SCOTLAND AND HIS SUITE

Drummond Young

Many well-known people are seen in the group above with Sir Iain Colquhoun (Lord High Commissioner of Scotland), his wife and two younger daughters. Sir Iain, who is the seventh baronet, served in the last war and was awarded the D.S.O. and bar. Lady Colquhoun is the daughter of Mr. Francis Tennant of Innes House, Morayshire. Second Lieutenant A. C. V. Elphinstone, one of the A.D.C.'s, second son of Lord and Lady Elphinstone, who is also in the picture, is a nephew of the Queen, and Lord John Manners is the second son of the late Duke of Rutland, and the Duchess of Rutland.

The full names are: (l. to r., standing) The Mace Bearer; Mr. A. J. Aglen; Second Lieutenant A. C. V. Elphinstone, A.D.C.; The Lord John Manners; The Solicitor-General; The Purse Bearer; Chaplain; Captain D. P. Lithgow, A.D.C.; Mr. Oswald Barclay, C.B.E., D.L., J.P.; Mr. J. Wilson Paterson, C.V.O.; (Seated) Miss Mary Colquhoun; The Lady Elphinstone; The Secretary of State for Scotland, Rt. Hon. Ernest Brown, M.P.; His Grace the Lord High Commissioner, Sir Iain Colquhoun of Luss, K.T., D.S.O.; Her Grace Lady Colquhoun; The Lady Victoria Wemyss, Lady in Waiting; The Lord Elphinstone, K.T.; Miss Colquhoun



MR. HERBERT MORRISON, THE NEW MINISTER OF SUPPLY

One of the new round pegs in round holes which this nation has been so fortunate as to find at a moment when square pegs are of no more use than the proverbial sick headache



GENERAL SIR JOHN DILL, THE NEW C.I.G.S.

MEN OF THE MOMENT

It has been said that the new Chief of the Imperial General Staff was nicknamed "Devil" Dill when he was in Palestine. However true or otherwise this may be, it is agreed on all hands that he is the very man for a darned tight corner—a scrapper from the word "Go"! There are hard times ahead and Sir John Dill is the man to tackle them



Lafayette
LIEUTENANT-GENERAL R. H. HAINING

The new Vice-Chief of the Imperial General Staff won his brightest bays when G.O.C. in C. in Palestine, but had set the seal upon his excellence long before that

(ON RIGHT) THE MINISTER OF LABOUR HOLDS A LITTLE MEETING

L. to r.: Major-General K. C. Appleyard, Mr. J. C. Little, Mr. Ernest Bevin, our Minister of Labour who is setting all the wheels spinning at top speed, and Mr. R. Coppock. Mr. Bevin's order is "full-speed ahead and no holidays" and that should go for all of us everywhere



The Home Front—(Cont. from page 364)

the original was not a likeable play, but it was brilliantly acted—with unforgettable acidity and passion. The English cast did so much better than any one expected that an audience of keen-tongued professionals found little to fault. Merton "Wind and Rain" Hodge, and bearded Laurence Housman saw it on the same night as Sir John Marling's wife whose black dress made her fair hair shine.

Personally I have enjoyed nothing so much as Mr. Shaw's *King Charles* since Mr. Shaw's

been on various courses. Ayr borough has developed a social life of its own, with such excitements as England v. Scotland ice hockey matches attended by all the local lights including two of the Rink directors, Colonel W. R. T. Houldsworth (who used to command the Yeomanry) and attractive Commander Geoffrey Hughes-Onslow. They were bemoaning the excess profits tax which makes it almost impossible to break even, although audiences sometimes number over seven thousand. The enthusiasm is terrific, and I often think that to see and hear a Scottish crowd at an ice hockey match or at "futba" gives an insight on the national ferocity!

Usually at these matches are Mrs. "Bill" Findlayson, tall, slim and elegant (her husband is in the Yeomanry), the Youngers from Edinburgh, and the George Cathcart-Walker-Heneages from Killochan Castle. Jean Heneage's "circus," consisting of a yellow and blue governess cart, followed by two children on bicycles and three dogs, is now a familiar sight in Ayr on market days. She is growing and selling vegetables for victory. The "chaps" have discovered and "made" two official haunts, comparatively unknown before the war, namely the "Pig and Whistle" in the Ayrshire and Galloway Hotel, for dinner, and "Nan's Bar" in the Station Hotel, for whatever chaps go into bars for. The latter place has a most congenial atmosphere, largely created by the pleasing personality of Nan who looks like a Scotch edition of Deanna Durbin."



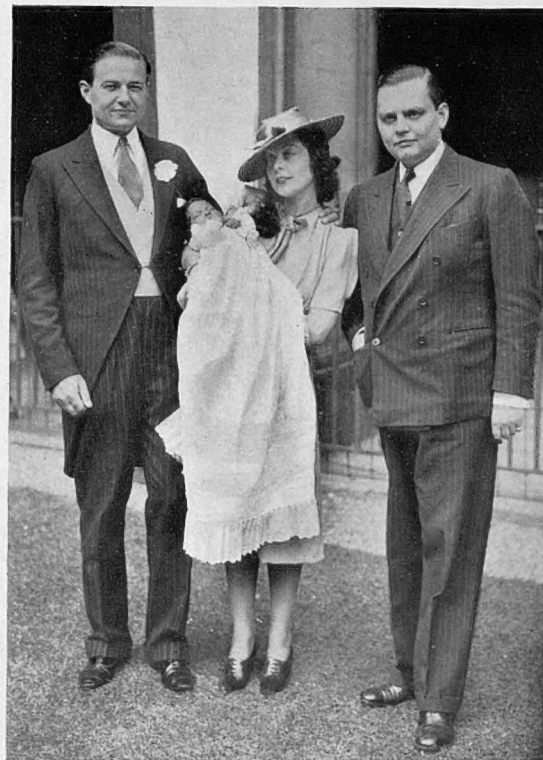
THE HON. MAX AND MRS. AITKEN

It is one of the ironies of war that a son should be busy destroying aircraft whilst a father is equally busy making them. The Hon. Max Aitken, son and heir of Lord Beaverbrook, the new Minister for Aircraft Production, has already three Hun machines to his credit and there is power to add to the number. The Hon. Mrs. Max Aitken was Miss Cynthia Monteith before her marriage last year

Geneva, and was glad to find the New Theatre well filled, and Ernest Thesiger in exquisite and resonant voice. It's a broth of a play, and in these drab days one appreciates the extravagant Restoration fashions hardly less than the glorious roving wit, the unexpected *tendresse* and the wisdom of this "history lesson in three scenes." Cecil Trouncer steals the first two acts as Isaac Newton, and Eileen Beldon makes Nell Gwynne common, lovable, kind-hearted, and not unbearably pert.

Letter From Ayrshire

"Our mode of living has changed considerably since you were here in November. The southern (aristocratic) side of the county is now isolated, by lack of petrol, from the gay Yeomanry and R.S.F. side which includes Ayr and Kilmarnock, where various military have



A HAMPTON COURT CHRISTENING

Mr. and Mrs. Clare O'Rourke, their infant daughter, Sally, and her godfather, Mr. Stuart Pearl, after the christening which took place in Hampton Court Palace. Mrs. O'Rourke is the daughter of Mrs. Karri-Davies and the late Colonel Karri-Davies, who was the first man into Mafeking when it was relieved after the famous siege in the Boer War



INSPECTING MEN'S KNITTING AT AN A.T.S. CENTRE

Lady Ironside, wife of the newly appointed G.O.C. Home Forces, General Sir Edmund Ironside, and the Duchess of Northumberland, giving the work knitted by men for A.T.S. comforts an expert inspection. The depôt is at 30 Eaton Square. The products (by these male geniuses) include female slippers and bed coats as well as other useful equipment

More Scottish Scenes

The letter from the laird whose castle had been inspected in dilatory fashion by medical authorities from three different Scottish cities, has brought me letters about similar bureaucratic muddles. One writes "I can go better than that; our local hospital offered to staff and run a neighbouring house as a military hospital, but the authorities have now been five months deciding whether to accept or not; meanwhile comforts and hospital supplies flow in weekly from the various work parties round about and we do not know whether to keep them in case the answer is an affirmative, or to send them away."

In Edinburgh a warlike atmosphere is emphasized by the reception clerk at a famous hotel, who covers each page of his accommodation ledger with a sheet of brown paper to prevent arrivals from gathering who is staying in the hotel—a commendably canny precaution. The castle looks even more romantic by the erratic, angular beam of searchlights than it did in the theatrical glare of peace-time floodlighting. Edinburgh

(Continued on page 402)

A FEW NOTABLE WEDDINGS OF THE PAST WEEK



MR. AND MRS. PETER RYDER LEAVING
WESTMINSTER ABBEY AFTER THEIR WEDDING

The bride was Miss Sarah Bowes-Lyon, and is a second cousin of H.M. the Queen, and Mr. Ryder, is a nephew of Lord Harrowby



AND GOING AWAY AFTER THE RECEPTION

The confetti barrage was not quite as heavy as usual but quite adequate! The reception after the wedding of the Queen's cousin and Mr. Ryder was held at 31 Grosvenor Square, which was kindly lent by Marie, Lady Leigh. The bridegroom's father, the Hon. Archibald Ryder is Lord Harrowby's younger brother



MR. AND MRS. JOHN LIVINGSTON TIMPSON

This wedding was at the Guards' Chapel, Wellington Barracks, on May 25. The bridegroom is the youngest son of the late Captain and Mrs. Lawrence Timpson, of Maizeland, Barrytown-on-Hudson, New York, and the bride the only child of the late Sir George Houston-Boswell and Naomi, Lady Houston-Boswell

(ON RIGHT)
MR. AND MRS.
DAVID SHOLTO
DOUGLAS

The bridegroom, who is in a very famous rifle regiment, is the younger son of the late Captain George Sholto Douglas, who was a kinsman of Lord Morton and the late Lady Laura Sholto Douglas, who was formerly Lady Laura Fitzwilliam. The bride is the only daughter of Major and Mrs. George Capel Cure, of Blake Hall, Ongar, Essex. The wedding was at Chelsea Old Church



THE CINEMA BY JAMES AGATE

ONE of my favourite passages in Pinero occurs in *His House in Order*. Lady Ridgeley is holding forth to the French governess, Mlle. Thomé: "I venture the opinion that much of the world's wickedness is attributable to its geniuses. We could get on exceedingly well without them. And so far as sorrow is concerned, Miss Tomy, I claim to have experienced, under providence, as large a share as falls to most people. But it is not to Chopin and a pianoforte that I turn for healing and consolation." What I so much admire in this passage is the *Englishness* of it. For her Pinero demolishes the notion that the English can ever conceive themselves turning naturally to great art for healing and consolation. In moments of national rejoicing the Englishman rolls out the barrel that he may celebrate. In moments of national sorrow he continues to roll out the barrel, not for the lower purpose of drowning sorrow, but for the higher one of wetting his upper lip to keep it stiff. Your Englishman is naturally born shy of two things—beauty and rhetoric, and since both are the essential components of all great art it follows that it is not to great art that the Englishman turns for the expression of his triumphs, or when he is in search of Lady Ridgeley's "healing and consolation."

The reason I am making this point is because its recognition explains the English attitude towards theatre and film in times of national crisis. There are, of course, extraordinary exceptions, due to some concatenation of accident. Mr. John Gielgud owes it to his personal popularity, plus an admirable company, that he has been able to persuade people to pack the Old Vic with Shakespeare's most uncompromising tragedy, *King Lear*. By the time these words appear we shall have seen Mr. Cochran's presentation of another exceedingly stark tragedy, Ibsen's *Ghosts*, with in the leading part a Greek tragedienne much appreciated by the cognoscenti but at the moment unknown to the many-headed. And I suspect that if Mr. Emlyn Williams's personal following would permit him to appear in some Pirandellish variant entitled *Last Night Didn't Fall*, he would cram the house. In fact I should vouch for the complete success of such a venture if I knew that Mr. Williams had himself written it before breakfast the previous morning. But speaking by and large, what the public most wants in times of stress is distraction.

The foregoing explains why the Carlton, on the occasion of my visit to the film called *Pastor Hall*, was by no means well filled. This is a picture which understates. And the understatement is, in a way, worse than the full recital. To

Grave and Gay

heap horror on horror ends by stunning the mind; to add one careful little bit of horror meticulously to another is to occupy the mind dreadfully by making it do the sum for itself. Throughout this film there is always something dreadful waiting round the corner, and the fact that this does not materialize does not make the thing less dreadful. There is very little plot. Mr. Wilfrid Lawson is the German pastor who opposes his conscience to the march of Nazi ideology, and the film offers nothing to the mind except the juggernaut procession. The weakness of it all seems to me to be this. Either one has thought so much upon the subject already that no film can teach us much more about it; or we have given no thought to the subject, in which case we are not the kind of person to whom this film will appeal as an evening's entertainment. And then perhaps I do not think that Mr. Lawson is quite the actor for the part of Pastor Hall, which he plays with a dire monotony doubtless enjoined on him by the text, but from which

he makes little effort to escape. By this performance I am a little reminded of a certain actor whose Mr. Hyde could be borne with equanimity but whose Dr. Jekyll sent the audience in panic flight from the theatre. Mr. Lawson's pastor has a gaiety which is a good deal more shiversome than his gravity, and the result is a well-meant evening which made me feel thoroughly uncomfortable. In other words, I was glad to get away.

On the other hand, when at tea-time the other afternoon I looked in at the Ritz in Leicester Square I found the place crammed to the doors. The picture was *The Shop Around the Corner*, a jejune affair about two shop assistants who quarrel like cat and dog, not knowing that each is the other's correspondent in an idealized love affair conducted by post. Imagine this taking place in West Kensington and filmed at Shepherd's Bush!

And then realize that the Lubitsch wand has been waved, that the venue has been transported to Budapest, that the story has taken on a toyshop quality, that the players dance in front of you like figures in a ballet, and that over the whole surface wit is sprinkled as thickly as frost over a Christmas card.



"SWISS FAMILY ROBINSON"

Johann David Wyss's pious novel about the almost miraculous adventures of the shipwrecked Robinsons has been swallowed up, like so many other classics, by Hollywood, and the screen version came to the Regal last weekend. The family consists of Thomas Mitchell and Edna Best as the father and mother, William and Elizabeth Robinson, with Freddie Bartholomew, Terry Kilburn, Tim Holt and Baby Bobby Quillan as their sons in descending order of magnitude

Of the many delightful characters in this little film I have room to speak of only one—the elderly Jewish shop assistant, played by Mr. Felix Bressart. This is the character as it exists in real life before Groucho Marx has got to work on it. Timid, home-loving, open hearted within limits—"a real friend is one who comes in after dinner!"—loyal, meek, unimportant, he sums up all that is best in the Jewish race. It was the notion that the core of human inoffensiveness should be most directly under the oppressor's heel which occurred to me over and over again throughout the progress of this film, and for this reason the little comedy affected me far more deeply than the tragic story of *Pastor Hall*. But when this brooding thought was absent, here were all the delights which first of all set the mind in the mood for play, and then bestowed on it all kinds of wise and witty toys to play with. I could have wished that *The Shop Around the Corner* had been an hour longer. That little improved young actor, Mr. James Stewart, and that always accomplished little artist, Miss Margaret Sullavan, play the two bickering protagonists. They play them delightfully. Yet it is only fair to say that, despite them and despite my little Jew, Mr. Frank Morgan as the shop proprietor—testy, blustering, shy—and Mr. William Tracy as the shop boy—cocky, rude, forgivable—spend most of the time stealing the film from each other.

J. A.



SALOME WOULDN'T DANCE

Hedley Briggs trying every inducement to make the young lady, Roberta Hubby, dance, but to no avail. She prefers to syncopate from bar to bar. The music by Charles Zwar would make almost any one dance. The décor and dresses (after Beardsley in this number) are mostly by William Chappell, so well known at Sadler's Wells

"Swinging the Gate" at the Ambassadors



"UNE GRANDE AMOUREUSE"

A perfect burlesque of a *passée* but still very expensive diamond digger by Hermione Gingold, who is enslaving a young and inexperienced diplomat, Guy Verney, hoping for more diamonds. After his departure she soliloquizes over a photo album of former lovers—now only remembered by the number of jewels they gave her



ROBERT HELPMAN AND MARGARET RAWLINGS

The most brilliant impersonation by Robert Helpman is that of Margaret Rawlings. As can be seen from this picture the likeness is perfect; the voice and manner so good that this must be seen to be believed. A full account of this show is given by our dramatic critic in this number. Robert Helpman was in Holland with the Vic-Wells Ballet at the time of the German invasion. He and Margaret Rawlings are old friends, having met when she was touring in Australia. At her suggestion he decided to try his luck on the London stage, and appeared at the Gate Theatre in 1931, in Oscar Wilde's *Salomé*, in which Margaret Rawlings played the title rôle



Photos: Houston Rogers

UNWILLINGLY TO SCHOOL

Ultra-modern mother (Madge Elliott) taking her son (Hedley Briggs) back to school. He suggests she should show some emotion at their parting if only for appearance's sake, and hopes his friend Potter will not see his mother making up, but finds these two are already very well acquainted!

RACING RAGOUT BY "REGULAR"

"THESE filthy smelling motor cars will be the death of us all, you'll rue the day you first had anything to do with them." The year was 1905, and the speaker was my great-aunt. I don't think that even in her worst dreams, and she was a martyr to dyspepsia, did she visualize that these petrol-propelled vehicles would be responsible for anything more serious than a few deaths on the highway, and be a constant source of annoyance in that they raised clouds of dust and made her horses shy. She was laid to rest long ere the invention of the aeroplane and the tank, but I'll take a shade of odds that wherever she is now, she's saying: "What did I tell you?" for she was a rare old know-all. Anyhow, a prophet has no honour in his own country, and we laughed at the old lady as we tucked her into her Victoria, and told the coachman to be careful if he encountered the doctor's new car, as old Nigger would probably shy and deposit them in the ditch.

While I am appreciative of many modern inventions, especially those which have done so much to eradicate disease and alleviate human suffering, I deplore the invention of the internal combustion engine which has not contributed one iota to the happiness of mankind, and now, day by day, is responsible for sending thousands of human beings to their death. I am sure if the inventor of this engine, who had no more sinister idea than a desire to make a carriage go without horses, could have looked into the future, and seen how flying aeroplanes bombing women and children, or tanks advancing, he would have thrown his blue prints in

the fire and vowed never to proceed with his invention.

I think it was Mr. A. P. Herbert, who, at the conclusion of the last war, advocated that the use of the internal combustion engine should be made illegal for a period of twenty years. He explained that the peoples of the world were like children experimenting with dangerous toys, and as the result of their experiments, they had nearly wrecked the world. He hoped that by the end of twenty years, they would have learned to appreciate how dangerous their toys were.

When we contemplate the horrors mankind has been subjected to as the result of modern science (always excepting that of a medical nature), one can sympathize with Mr. Gandhi in his wish that his followers should not become contaminated with western progress. In the

eight months prior to the changes in our Government, and the realization of what we're up against, one might be excused for thinking that many of those in high places in the Allied cause had become disciples of the Chinese philosopher Lao Tse. Lao Tse was the supreme negativist, maintaining that every act eventually led to human suffering, so it was best to do nothing. Not perhaps the best way of winning the war, but nice work if you can afford it afterwards.

Before I go on to talk about horses, it might interest you to know that a woman novelist, whose name has been a household word for at least two generations, stated recently that gentlemen had been less constant since the invention of the motor car. Her views on the subject are interesting, as no woman, alive or dead, has ever used up more ink describing what goes on when nobody's looking, to the delight of sex-starved housemaids and with the happiest pecuniary results to herself. She did not state in what way the motor car has been responsible for inconsistency, but it may be of course, that she considers the taxi-cab provides less scope for the ardent lover than did the hansom. Personally, I do not think I could

have let myself go in a hansom, fearing that at any moment the bewhiskered face of the cabby might appear through the aperture in the roof to see how I was getting on, while much as I love horses, I cannot believe that the almost embarrassing proximity of the dangerous end of the horse could have been exactly conducive to gallantry. I think, therefore, that she must



MR. WILFRED TAYLOR,
RACING BROADCASTER

If the 1940 substitute Derby is run at Newbury on June 12, Mr. Taylor is going to tell the world all about it. The snapshot was taken at the recent Bath meeting

attribute the increase in infidelity rather to the speed at which a man nowadays can make his getaway when the attractions of his former love begin to pall.

Busybodies are continually coming up to me and saying that they consider it a disgrace that racing should be allowed to continue in view of the gravity of the situation. My answer is always the same. If the Government could find work of national importance for the men now employed in racing, then it would be a disgrace for it to continue. Any man now employed in racing, who could be doing work of national importance should be thoroughly ashamed of himself, but as I see it, a total cessation of racing would only have the effect of putting another thousand or two men on the dole and would not avail our war effort by so much as one round of ammunition. The ideal state of affairs would be if the Government were in a position to utilize every man in the country in work of national importance, but I fear that we have a long way to go before they can utilize the little men who ride and look after racehorses, and the middle-aged men who train them. Until such time arrives, surely it is better for them to continue in their jobs. Next week I shall have great pleasure in telling you what will win the Derby and Oaks, but at the moment I have no further news on the subject since expressing my views after the Newmarket Stakes. As some of you may have guessed, this article is not written on the morning of publication, and racing news, like news of a more vital nature, does not remain news very long and is apt to become "dated" in a few hours. The Hurst Park race, which may cause us to reconsider preconceived notions, has not been run at the time of writing. Everybody I know wants to back Lighthouse II each way for the Derby, but with the possibility of Djebel being got to this country becoming more remote everyday, the bookmakers are naturally unwilling to do business. In Djebel's absence Lighthouse will of course, start a hot favourite.

Q. G.



Photos: Poole, Dublin

MRS. LENNOX
LIVINGSTONE-
LEARMONTH

Snapped at Phoenix Park races last week. Mrs. Livingstone-Learmonth acted as Master of the Duhalloall last season during the absence of her husband and Mr. A. C. Fane, the joint-Masters, on service



WELL-KNOWN AT PHOENIX PARK

Lady Carew, the former Lady Sylvia Maitland, and Miss Betty Laidlaw, daughter of the famous Mr. T. K. Laidlaw. Lord Carew, who is in the infantry, is away battle fighting



IN THE MEMBERS' STAND

The group includes : (in front) Mrs. Geoffrey Lloyd, Mr. Mike Harbottle, Miss Laughton, Mr. Dick Corbett ; and (back) Messrs. La Rue, Kamerer and Anderson



SOME MORE OF THE GALLERY

In front : Mr. and Mrs. Denis Shuttleworth, he until recently a steward of the Western India Turf Club ; and at the back their daughter, Jane (an owner at this meeting), and Mr. and Mrs. Broadbent



MRS. GOODBODY AND MRS. MOORE
Who, the information says, were very busy (and successful) in picking winners

(BELOW) MR. R. H. DOWN, CAPTAIN SAM WHITFIELD AND MR. CLAUDE MARTIN



H.H. THE MAHARAJAH OF KASHMIR
AND (LEFT) A FRIEND

H.H., as the world knows, is as keen on a day's racing as the next man, but the real darling of his heart is polo

THE BOMBAY HUNT WIND UP
THE SEASON
WITH A GYMKHANA MEETING

That famous and ancient institution, the Bombay Hunt—birthday about 1811—wound up Bombay's cold-weather racing activities with what in England we might call a hunt meeting, but which in India is more often called a "gymkhana" one. It was run, nevertheless, on Bombay's excellent race-course, and it is no word of a lie to say that a good time was had by one and all. There was at least one jump race in the card, and the winning jockey and owner, Captain Sam Whitfield, is seen in one of the bottom pictures. Their Excellencies the Governor and Lady Lumley graced the occasion, and H.E. is seen with "Birdie's" son and heir, who is in Probyn's Horse. Sir Roger Lumley, who was appointed to his present charge in 1937, is heir presumptive to the Earl of Scarbrough, who has no male issue. His Excellency used to be in the 11th Hussars, and both he and his consort are immensely popular with all hands in his Province



H.E. LADY LUMLEY AND MAJOR
THE HON. C. B. BIRDWOOD

Major Birdwood is F.M. Lord Birdwood's son and heir and commandant of the Governor's Bodyguard
(BELOW) MR. PATRICK O'BRIEN
WEIGHING OUT



WITH SILENT FRIENDS

By RICHARD KING

Some Good Advice for Wartime.

WELL, the worst of good advice is that it is too often a generalisation applied to a particular instance. Consequently it usually fails, even when it does not actually irritate. The danger is that too many people seize upon time of war to deluge their neighbourhood with verbal assertion of the good intentions which they themselves are carrying out with huge satisfaction to themselves. Sometimes it is amusing to listen to:

author is Mrs. Ethyle Campbell. In the beginning, I thought I was about to be bored. I am usually bored—when I am not amused—by books which tell one how to become this and that, change into this and the other, and generally prove to one how to frustrate fate, overcome all one's difficulties, and end up with either lifelong fascination or ten thousand a year. All achieved simply by following the instructions of someone who apparently hasn't made much of a success of life. Happily,

Mrs. Campbell, who I see by the dust-cover of her new book is a kind of professional "helper," is both practical and amusing. She addresses herself to women, since women, it is presumed, have, so to speak, to till the spiritual ground behind the lines. She begins by settling the problem of boredom, and so starts off with the suggestion of cheerfulness.

"We are in it—up to the neck," she writes, "for better or for worse. Let's

rumour-monger, by her son, or nephew, or friend, inform the authorities that there is a traitor in their midst, giving name and particulars of same. That sees the rumour "scotched" from the start.

Next she tackles dress, proving how a woman can and should look smart even in wartime, and how she can achieve this for a few shillings, plus the knowledge, for instance, that if she buys her silk stockings all alike—and silk coming from Japan she should economise drastically—she will make her stocking supply last months longer. Finally, on the question of food and the additional expense of shopping by telephone, she says: "Those who get the best value for money are those who are sufficiently interested to go and see what they are buying. Those who buy by telephone usually get what nobody else wants." Let us hope, too, that her chapter "On Entertaining" will be taken to heart, not only where private entertaining is concerned—dine-and-stay-the-night being in the front line, especially now petrol-rationing is so drastic—but more especially where entertaining the "dear wounded" is afoot. One remembers only too well the dreadful "singing to the boys" of the last war. Much better, she suggests, offer your hospitality to the men from the Empire Overseas who have no friends or relations over here, but especially your bathroom. "They are out on a great adventure—many of them are bound on the Great Adventure—and they don't want you to recite for them. They wouldn't like it even if it was good."

Moreover, the book is full of common-sense advice, about evacuees, and about hasty war-marriages; and her recommendation to "count ten before you snap" is admirable, especially when the "snapper" should realise that the "snapped-at" is also suffering from war-tension. If you want to hate, hate the Germans. They have earned it in full measure. "Five times in less than a century the Germans have disturbed the world by their murderous assaults upon their neighbours, and for these and other crimes they have merited the hatred of the world. The politicians who are to-day mouthing the absurdities about differentiating between Nazis and Germans are in many cases the same men. who, when France wished to nip Hitler in the bud, held her hand and allowed the menace to grow."

Well, that sentence alone proves that this book is not the usual sugar-coated tripe which is too often the dish from which we are expected to obtain

spiritual sustenance to help us get through a war. Mrs. Campbell uses her hammer to hit nails, and hits them hardly; but she also hits them gaily—which is twice as effective. Her amusing, practical, wise little book ends, appropriately enough, on a number of original recipes for wartime cookery and notes of her own experience in keeping poultry, which, incidentally, she has made to pay. A whole lot of women who, by

(Continued on page 374)



FAMOUS PORTRAIT PAINTER WITH THE B.E.F.

Mr. R. G. Eves, R.A., now in France making official portraits of various Generals in the B.E.F. for record purposes, is seen here engaged on a sketch of Lieut.-General A. F. Brooke. Mr. Eves is a member of the Royal Society of Portrait Painters; has exhibited at the Royal Academy and the Salon many portraits of distinguished people. His wife is the daughter of the late Mr. Philip Papillon, of Crowhurst Park, Battle, Sussex, and they own Marsham Farm, at Fairlight, near Hastings

especially if you possess sufficient sense of humour to note the results without rancour. We all know the women who, with slight duties and masses of uniform, rage around saving England; not only "doing their bit," but wearing the "bit" in their mouths, so to speak. They usually distribute complimentary photographs of themselves (highly complimentary) to their hosts of friends, and at the first hint of a Press-photographer being about, start an immediate *putsch* towards the limelight. Their advice is generally to do as they do; that is, if you go and do it somewhere else.

Another woman I know (and so do you) reads neither a newspaper nor listens to the war news, but give her a rumour, usually a startling one, and she is in the front line of the war-talk. She and her like will certainly tell you not to worry—as she doesn't. Then there is the bossy woman, who loves this wartime excuse for an enlargement of her bossiness. She will not only advise you what to do, but tell you point-blank—take it or leave it!

Well, you may wonder why I have chosen all these examples from women in wartime. The reason is that I have just finished reading a book, written by a woman for women, under the title of "How to Get By in Wartime" (Peter Davies; 5s.). The



"PORTRAIT IN A MIRROR"

Lieut. J. B. Melhuish, M.B.E., Royal Corps of Signals, familiar to our readers as "Mel," whose caricatures of Air Force and other Service units are often seen in *The Tatler*, is the subject of this portrait in oils by James Proudfoot, R.O.I. "Mel" is seen holding the caricature he made of the artist at work as seen reflected in a mirror. James Proudfoot is a well-known portrait painter; has two pictures in this year's Academy and works at a studio in Chelsea

see it through with a smile. Living intelligently in wartime is like pastry, the light hand wins every time." Then she tackles rumours and rattlings, and presents a good rule to settle both. It is to ask the dealer of rumours to state the source of her information, and when this has been done, inform her that you are going at once to seek the truth from the proper authorities, and if the truth has been spread, *via* the

MR. L. S. AMERY'S HEARTENING SPEECH TO TWO OXFORD CLUBS



LORD RICHARD PERCY AND MR. SIMON WARDELL

Two of those at the joint dinner at the Randolph of the Chatham and Canning Clubs at Oxford, at which the Rt. Hon. L. S. Amery and H.E. Viorel Tilea, the Rumanian Minister, were the guests of honour, and both made admirable speeches



MR. W. DUGDALE (SEC. OF THE DINNER), THE RT. HON. L. S. AMERY AND MR. ROBIN EDMONDS (PRESIDENT)

The main note in Mr. Amery's excellent speech at the Chatham and Canning Clubs joint dinner was "Keep your tails up"—advice which, even if not needed, is very excellent in this crisis



MR. HUGH ASTOR, MR. JONATHAN ORBACH AND LORD DAVID CECIL

Three more of the people who heard Mr. Amery's fighting exhortation. Mr. Hugh Astor is the second son of Major the Hon. John and Lady Violet Astor, and Lord David Cecil is Lord Salisbury's younger son



LORD EDWARD FITZMAURICE AND THE EARL OF WILTON

This was the first time in the history of these two Oxford Clubs that the camera has blazed into the brown! Lord Edward Fitzmaurice is Lord Lansdowne's brother. Lord Wilton succeeded to the title in 1927

(BELOW) H.E. THE RUMANIAN MINISTER AND MR. R. F. SANDERSON
Rumania is one of the few countries not at this immediate moment in imminent danger from Public Enemy No. 1. His Excellency made a very good speech



Both the Chatham and the Canning Clubs were founded in 1864 by the Hon. Auberon Herbert, and they enjoyed a lusty life up to 1914, when that other German war somewhat overshadowed their existence, and they were only successfully revived last term. The Canning has always been High Tory and the Chatham ostensibly Liberal Tory! They chose the right man as one of the guests of honour at this recent dinner, for the new Secretary of State for India and

Burmah is a man whom high and forbidding obstacles have never daunted. Mountaineering is one of Mr. L. S. Amery's pet pastimes. As might be expected of him, he made a fighting speech, not minimising the dangers by which we are beset, but strongly decrying pessimism and the spraying of all and sundry round and about us with that venomous germ the jitterbug. His address was infected with that spirit which says "Fight on! Never mind the odds"

WITH SILENT FRIENDS—continued

their deeds, have uniforms wasted upon them, should study this book, as well as those who yearn to do their bit but don't quite know where to find it.

From "How to Get By in Wartime."

"IT is the homes which make a nation, and in the long run a nation is as strong, as efficient, as decent, as cheerful and as enduring as the millions of homes of which it is comprised."

"It is amazing the way you can barge cheerfully through life with a smile. People just love it. Any people."

"One of the worst tortures is that of passing long evenings worrying and wondering about loved ones who have not come home."

"Good work, like prayer, is better not performed at street corners, which is something women should remember."

"We have been blathering for years about hands-across-the-sea and the sacred-ties-of-Empire, while all the time we have been buying foreign goods. Let it mean something now."

"The only person who believes that prevention is better than cure is the person who makes this reflection when it is too late."

"A little antiseptic is better than optimism."

A Doctor's Autobiography Continued.

DR. HAROLD DEARDEN'S new book of reminiscences, "Time and Chance" (Heinemann; 12s. 6d.), is yet one more excellent example of how difficult it must be for any doctor to write a dull book if only he tells merely half of what he knows of life and mankind. This one is readable from beginning to end. I would like to recommend it to everybody, only, as the first half deals with his experiences in the last war, and some are ghastly and some are terribly sad, I hesitate. If the last war had really ended wars, these stories of a doctor's experiences at the Front would not only have been a human warning of what war is really like for those who fight, but also of great human interest as examples of the psychological reaction to war on the part of the men who meet it at its greatest beastliness. As we are once again in the throes of such warfare, these experiences are perhaps too painful for all to read, however moving and tragic they may be. Saddest of all, perhaps, is the story of the young man who joined up voluntarily, eager to fight for his country, ready to sacrifice himself and all that life meant for him, for the sake of the cause; yet when the test of his endurance came, his physical and mental reactions failed him, he lost command of them, he cowered in his fear. Until at last he was shot by order of his officer.

The latter half of the book, however, deals with some of the writer's experiences as a peacetime doctor who specialised in the field of neurosis. Naturally, this specialisation attracted a whole cohort of strange men and women; some pathetic, some rather loathsome. One, however, is amusing. It is the story of the man who was married to a bright and chatty wife. For years they had got on supremely well together. Both were in love, both appeared to be ideally happy. Unfortunately, there is nothing quite

so wearing, if you have to live with it year in year out, and are also the object of its main affections, as brightness and chattiness which will not let you go. Usually the difference between the charm of bright chatter and the dreariness of garrulity is a question of time and propinquity. That which at first gives the impression of a lively tinkle becomes at last merely a rattle. It goes on and on, but, summed up, nothing has been said. That is why bright chatterers always need a new audience. So it was with these two, husband and wife. At last the husband deliberately began to seek solitude, if only for a little while. This was such a surprise to the wife—bright chatterers are always astonished when the audience which they feel to be their due begins to show signs of restlessness—that she felt convinced there was something wrong with him. Consequently she went around consulting this famous doctor and that. Her husband followed her obligingly, but he still showed signs of unresponsiveness to her gaiety and social charm. All the doctors informed her that he was perfectly healthy, but she wouldn't believe them. At last she dragged him to the writer of this book. He also diagnosed the patient to be perfectly sound and healthy. Only he was puzzled, and at last he began to guess the truth. A mild amusement in the patient's eye gave him the clue. Then the patient confessed. So long as his wife believed that there was something seriously wrong with him, she forgave him his silences, his strange desire not to seek her company, but to be alone for at least some part of every day. Only by playing up to her belief could he live a little of his life to himself, without creating a scene of whining and weeping. It cost him a lot of money,

but it was worth it. Although he realised there was absolutely nothing in his wife beyond her brightness and her chattiness, he still loved her—but not all night and all day as she expected.

Well, this is only one among the queer human stories which came Dr. Dearden's way professionally. In this new chapter of his autobiography he has given us as readable a book as you could wish to come across.

Thoughts from "Time and Chance."

"THE tragedy of war is not that so many lives are lost and so many hopes shattered, but that the sense of fellowship which wars engender seems unable to survive the coming of peace."



Harlip

JANE GORDON

While actively engaged on war work as a nurse at Paddington Green Children's Hospital, which is also a first-aid post, Mrs. Charles Graves, who writes under the name of Jane Gordon, has found time to write a book, "Technique for Beauty," calculated to keep up the morale of the feminine part of the nation. Mrs. Graves was, before her marriage to the well-known journalist and light author, Miss Peggy Leigh, only daughter of the Hon. Rowland Leigh, Lord Leigh's uncle

"For all his cleverness, man has yet to learn how best to employ that cleverness. To have conquered the universe is not necessarily to be happy."

"It is said that love is blind, but some marriages suggest that it is insane as well."

"In its effect on her happiness, a man's imagination is a woman's greatest asset."

"Beauty may be truth, and truth beauty; but there is seldom much beauty in the truth about oneself."

"Disasters have at least this in common with hopes: they frequently fail to materialise."



NANCY MITFORD

"Pigeon Pie" is the title of the latest novel by the talented young authoress of "Highland Fling" and "Christmas Pudding," and biographer of the Stanleys of Alderley. It deals with London life in the earlier and less tense stages of this war. As the Hon. Nancy Mitford, a daughter of Lord Redesdale, she married the Hon. Peter Rodd, second son of Lord Rennell

PEACE ON THE HOME FRONT—WILTSHIRE



THE HON. DENISE YARDE-BULLER

Lord Churston's second sister is a regular week-end visitor to Stanton Fitzwarren, Highworth, Wilts, where her nieces and nephew are staying with Mrs. Robert Ducas during their parents' absence in Egypt



THREE-YEAR-OLD VISCOUNT CHELSEA Charles Gerald John standing beside the pram, and holding on to a Teddy-bear friend. His father is the seventh Earl Cadogan, and was formerly in the Coldstream. He married in 1936 the Hon. Primrose Yarde-Buller, sister of the present Lord Churston



LORD EBURY AND LADY SARAH CADOGAN

Lady Sarah, confidently perched on a wall, in serious conversation with Lord Ebury, who is the fifth Baron and lives at Day's House, East Hanney, Berks. In 1933 he married Miss Anne Acland-Troyte, and they have two small sons



THE HON. NEFERTARI BETHELL AND LADY SARAH CADOGAN

Miss Bethell, who is Lord Westbury's sister, and daughter of the Hon. Mrs. Richard Bethell, drives a mobile canteen, but was having a day off at Mrs. Ducas's lovely home, helping to entertain some of the "young" house-party, who apparently are having the time of their lives



MASTER ROBERT DUCAS AT HOME

Robert, who is four years old, is the elder child of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Ducas, with whom Lord and Lady Cadogan's three children are staying at Stanton Fitzwarren, and as the son and heir of the house he is full of the responsibility of his position



MRS. ROBERT DUCAS AND HER YOUNGEST GUEST

Lord and Lady Cadogan's baby daughter, who was born last year, is seen on the knee of her hostess. Mrs. Ducas is a sister of Mr. Ivo Stourton, Provost-Marshal General in Bermuda, and married Mr. "Bobbie" Ducas in 1936

PICTURES IN THE FIRE

By "SABRETACHE"

GENERAL WEYGAND has likened these recent operations to a charge by cavalry of the old type. A most apt simile. There has been no really important operation of that kind since the thing the 21st Lancers did at the Battle of Omdurman. Our present Prime Minister, who was then only doing a war-correspondent's job, could not resist the temptation of going with that gallant cavalry regiment. On manoeuvres, shock tactics of this description have been practised quite frequently in pre-mechanisation days, and the procedure went something like this. That inspiring and, as some think, blood-curdling call, the "Charge!" was sounded, the troops concerned having previously formed line to the front, right, left, or otherwise as circumstances demanded. The unit, regiment, brigade, or such-like then set itself alight, maintaining as much as possible the top speed of the slowest horse. When the imaginary point of impact was reached, in order to impart an air of realism into things, the troops broke up into small groups and simulated individual slaughter with their swords or lances, according to their species. After this had gone on for a little while, the "Rally!" was sounded, or a whistle was blown, and everyone made all haste to re-form. Then probably they blew the "Charge!" again, and once more off the whole entertainment went like scalded cats.

These German tanks have been trying to do very much the same sort of thing, and have been pretty well handled, so far as can be judged.



"WAR" CRICKET AT LORD'S

Although regular County fixture-lists have temporarily gone under, Lord's has been the scene already this season of several good scratch games, among them that in which the London Balloon Barrage beat a B.B.C. team by 36 runs. The captains were Michael Standing ("Standing on the Corner" of "In Town To-night") for the B.B.C., and Squadron-Leader J. C. W. MacBryan for the Balloon Barrage

THIS is all descriptive of an operation against infantry supposed to have been broken or disordered by the guns or some other means. The rally of the attacking cavalry was concerned with the idea of being ready to tackle the probable onslaught by the enemy cavalry, who would be launched as soon as possible to pull their infantry out of the mess and cover their retirement. If the attacking cavalry did not manage to regain cohesion quickly enough, they were held to have been destroyed. In a purely cavalry *v.* cavalry encounter, the main object was, of course, to catch the other chap on the wrong leg and bring off an oblique attack. This also was very frequently practised in the days when shock tactics were deemed to be a useful adjunct. I suggest that, *mutatis mutandis*, we are face to face with an exactly similar problem in this present situation. It is the old cavalry battle multiplied by about a hundred, and on all fours—legs or wheels don't signify. In those ancient conflicts, things were apt to change in a matter of minutes. Cut the minutes in half this time. Mechanised cavalry warfare is almost faster than polo—and tremendously like it.

THUS *The Times*, in a leading article on the Treachery Act:

"It arises out of the German technique, revealed to a greater or less degree in every one of HITLER's assaults upon his neighbours, of covering the territory of his opponents with agents, much as the serpent covers with slime the body of its prospective victim."

And this from a very well-known fox-hunting inhabitant of Warwickshire:

"We shall be quite fashionable at Stratford-on-Avon! 'Haw-Haw' informed us two nights ago that Blank and family are coming to the Blank Hotel, vacant since war started, and he also kindly added that the alterations to the local barracks were not worth while as the Germans would be here in time to finish them. He also said that the people in Warwickshire were stealing one another's chickens because they were so hungry. How does he get his news? I expect the county is riddled with spies, and half the women have foreign maids."

I suggest that it might be well worth the attention of the local authorities concerned, or any other authorities for that matter, to make a few enquiries into the pedigrees and performances of some of the people who are in Shakespeare's country who are not of pure British stock. Names are not very difficult to obtain. As *The Times* rightly remarks: "The female of the species is often more deadly than the male." Merely a "holla" which may help the huntsman and encourage him to lift hounds. It is sometimes a very desirable thing to do, especially when the line has got a bit cold.

I suggest that we re-read the following lines of Australia's Byron:

All hurry is worse than useless; think
On the adage, "'Tis pace that kills";
Shun bad tobacco, avoid strong drink,
Abstain from Holloway's pills;
Wear woollen socks, they're the best, you'll find.
Beware how you leave off flannel;
But, whatever you do, don't change your mind
When once you have picked your panel.

ADAM LINDSAY GORDON.



SUB-LIEUT. AND MRS. ERNEST WADE
AFTER THEIR WEDDING AT BRIGHTON
The bride was Miss Mary Bell, a daughter of Canon Godfrey Bell, Secretary to the Chichester Diocesan Council, and the bridegroom got a spot of leave after the second gallant battle of Narvik, now ours



POOLE, DUBLIN
LORD AND LADY TALBOT DE MALAHIDE
AT PHENIX PARK

The Hereditary Lord Admiral of Malahide and the Adjacent Seas is a very well-known owner of racehorses and supporter of the Turf in Eire, and he and his charming wife rarely miss a meeting if they can help it

"MEL" WITH THE R.A.F. IN FRANCE



H.Q. A.A.S.F. SOMEWHERE IN FRANCE

The vigilance of our air scrappers is admirably displayed in this attractive gallery. Attention is directed to the officer in the right-hand top corner. The R.A.F. has established a reputation for not letting anything past! There is the proof. The enemy needs no proof. He is not now overfond of taking it on unless he is wrapped up in cotton-wool by his fighters. On our part they say that anything under 5 to 1 is considered a bit of a bore. Facts suggest that this is exactly true

"SWINGING THE GATE"

AT THE AMBASSADORS THEATRE

By ALAN BOTT

many London shows were putting up their notices, and the rest were expecting to be evacuated. The crowd at the first night were keyed up to laughter; and what with this, and the fact that there was enough to laugh at, the occasion went with a roar. This bright mixture of burlesque and bravura stands a better chance than most others of weathering the storm. Audiences, I am afraid, have been taking only to the lightest entertainment in these days. Their withers are wrung more than enough outside the theatre; and as for make-believe, the public appetite has been slaked for the present by all the wishful thinking of recent months.

If it were worth while, somebody might examine the reaction of the war-mind to different kinds of entertainment. During great stress it shies away from comic bits and pieces about the war itself, unless they are fantastic. It is no coincidence that the least successful items in this revue at the Ambassadors are two that deal with soldiers on leave. One of them, laid in a Cockney household, makes one feel uneasy; apart from the fact that it is hardly funny in its own right. In the other, where the Family indifferently wait for a warrior's return, there is audible relief when the Warrior turns out to be, not a fighting man but a hefty female of the A.T.S.

Contrariwise, people are always inclined to relish, at times of national stress, laughter about the old. Who, they have asked, got us into this mess? Who let us be taken by surprise? Who had the power and complacently neglected to use it? So there is

a ready welcome for the considerable amount of mockery which *Swinging the Gate* directs against the old. The Misses Hermione Gingold, Madge Elliott and Phillida Sewell, devastatingly true to life in their quirks and mannerisms, do South Coast Old Ladies, full of mean thoughts and small vices; and the effect is hilarious. Miss Gingold and Mr. Hedley Briggs do a successful variation on the familiar theme of elderly women getting maudlin in their cups of port. Miss Gingold on her own is terrific as a prima donna in decline, mildly absurd as a *grande amoureuse* long in the tooth and stringy in the technique. And Mr. Peter Ustinov convinces you that if you met a seedy old Italian composer, he would be like this of his. About a fifth of the whole show, that is to say, consists of cruel but clean fun about ancients.

Elsewhere, Miss Gingold amuses as the headmistress of a school for spies, maunders in a monologue about the Gioconda, is altogether brilliant as a sad, salubrious Bacchante. Miss Madge Elliott does many things cleverly, in particular

her delirious burlesque of song and dance by moonlight. Mr. Robert Helpmann is incredibly truthful when imitating two theatrical Margarets—Rawlings and Rutherford. Miss Roberta Huby is fresh and charming. The rest includes an attractive picture-scena after Renoir, other items above the revue-average and some few that are charade-stuff not even glorified. The production is brisk and genial.



HERMIONE
GINGOLD

TOM TIT



MADGE
ELLIOTT

ARRAS (or its shell) had been recaptured that day, and it was something to smile about after the shock of Sedan, Cambrai, Abbeville, Amiens. It was, incidentally, a bit of luck for the management of *Swinging the Gate*, who had boldly, not to say rashly, persisted in presenting a new revue at a time when



HEDLEY
BRIGGS

TOM TIT



TOM TIT

PHILLIDA SEWELL AND PETER USTINOV



AS MR. PALETHORPE IN "GRAPE FRUIT"



AS BUD FLANAGAN IN "CHEZ HENSON"

THIRTY YEARS OF LAUGHTER

Leslie Henson Is Still "Up And Doing"



AS A PUKKA SAHIB IN "THE ELOCUTIONIST"

"The Tatlers" was the name of the concert party with which Leslie Henson made his first stage appearance at Bath thirty years ago to-day, June 5. And to-day "The Tatler" pays tribute to the three decades of fun-making which have sprung from that auspicious beginning. Now not only a star, but also a very successful producer and manager, the only break in Leslie's stage career was a spell with the R.A.F. in France during the last war. In this one he is performing the very important function of keeping up the national morale with his first appearance, strange



AS THE SON IN "ADAPTED FROM THE FRENCH"

as it may seem after all these theatrical years, in revue. The revue in question is *Up and Doing*, from which these pictures of the star's remarkable metamorphoses were taken, and which, thanks to him and some very able support from a strong cast, has been generally voted absolutely top-flight of its kind. It is not necessary and would take several pages to record all the successful shows of which Leslie Henson has been a mainstay in these thirty years; suffice it to mention that he has always taken a keen interest in the welfare of his less fortunate colleagues, and has been President of the Royal General Theatrical Fund since 1938





TEA-TIME FOR THE LITTLE
PRINCESS DÉSIÉE



A CAKE-MAKING LESSON: THE PRINCESS SIBYLLE AND THE PRINCESSES
DÉSIÉE AND MARGARETHA



PRINCESS DÉSIÉE VERY BUSY
AT THE NURSERY MODEL STOVE

THE PRINCESSES OF THE ROYAL HOUSE OF SWEDEN

These peaceful and domestic pictures are in vivid contrast to the general framework of bloody-fronted war in which the world is set. They were taken in the royal nursery at the Palace at Haga, Stockholm. The Princess Sibylle of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, a great-grandchild of Queen Victoria, married Prince Gustaf Adolf of Sweden, son of the Crown Prince of Sweden, in Coburg in October 1932, and besides the two little Princesses seen in these pictures, T.R.H. have another daughter, the Princess Birgitta. The Prince Gustaf Adolf is also a great-grandchild of Queen Victoria, his mother having been the late Princess Margaret of Connaught



AND PRINCESS MARGARETHA ALSO BUSY
IN THE NURSERY KITCHEN



CRAYON AND CAMERA: LESLIE HOWARD

In the third picture of his series Anthony Beauchamp has photographed the famous actor as he appears off the stage and screen and drawn him as he is to be seen in his current big-film part, as Ashley Wilkes in *Gone With the Wind*. Mr. Howard, who was in the Army before going on the stage in 1917, returned from Hollywood some time ago and is now planning to produce and appear in a series of British films for the markets of the world. First of them, *Flight to Victory*, by A. G. Macdonell, in which David Niven, who is now on service, will also play, is to be started very soon



THE ORANGERY, DATING BACK TO 1790: A PERFECT SPOT FOR CONVALESCING PATIENTS—
MRS. CLARK IN FOREGROUND

COUNTRY HOUSES IN WARTIME

No. 2: SHARDELOES, AMERSHAM, BUCKS
NOW A MATERNITY HOME FOR EVACUEE MOTHERS



THE RESIDENT SECRETARY
AND MRS. POOLE, V.A.D.



MRS. THOMAS TYRWHITT-DRAKE, WIFE OF THE
AND HER NEPHEW



THE DINING-ROOM, NOW THE MEDICAL STORES,
AND THE LADY DOCTOR IN CHARGE



OWNER, CAPTAIN THOMAS TYRWHITT-DRAKE,
PHILIP MOSTYN



A GENERAL VIEW OF THE APPROACH TO SHARDELOES

Shardeloes, home of the Drake family, which descends in direct tail, male, from the great Admiral, who was one of England's sheet-anchors at another critical period in history, was, during the late Squire's days, a fox-hunting centre. The late Squire, "Teddy" Drake, was Master or Joint-Master of the Old Berkeley from 1921 to 1931. He died in 1933 and was appropriately buried at sea. If times were less strenuous it might be intriguing to dilate upon Shardeloes' alleged ghost! Shardeloes was one of the first houses decorated by Robert Adam, and is now the home of Captain Thomas and Mrs. Tyrwhitt-Drake, to whose family it has belonged since the early part of the seventeenth century. It was offered to the Ministry of Health as a maternity hospital for evacuee mothers some time ago, and on the outbreak of war it was converted within twelve hours—the furniture stored in two of the rooms, the pictures removed and the wall spaces labelled, the library boarded up and provision made for fifty beds. Captain Tyrwhitt-Drake was in the Oxford and Bucks Light Infantry, and won the M.C. and two bars during the last war. His wife was Miss Philomena Mostyn. In addition to supervising the gardens at Shardeloes (they now live quite near, in Amersham), Mrs. Tyrwhitt-Drake is Deputy President of the Bucks branch, British Red Cross Society, and organiser of hospital supplies for Mid-Bucks



THE SHARDELOES DRAWING-ROOM, NOW THE LARGEST WARD: (L. TO R.) A NURSE AND MRS. AVERY,
MRS. TREW, MRS. CLARK, V.A.D. POOLE AND MRS. FELLOWS



THE DAY NURSERY: NURSES
AND NEW ARRIVALS

PRISCILLA IN PARIS

TRÈS CHER—Driving an ambulance with the Red Cross painted on the roof is not healthy when Hitler's flying lice are about. A red cross, a church, a hospital, or a baby's buggy are evidently considered to be prize bulls'-eyes to the gentlemen of the Third Reich. Only a few hours ago one of the several ambulances of the U.F.F. (Union des Femmes de France) arrived at a certain historic little town, where it had been sent to collect Belgian refugees from the local hospital, to find the dust still rising from the powdered remains of a house in the residential quarter situated equi-distantly from the Château, the church and the hospital. As luck had it, no one was hurt, the damage being purely material (which will be good for trade later on, Mr. Hit-and-misstler), but it evidently wasn't for want of trying. Judging by the looks of it, the bomber had dropped his load all-of-a-sudden-like and scored a direct, but useless, hit. Maybe he was in a hurry to get back to his *ersatz sauerkraut* and *ratzen-wurst*. Glass littered the streets for hundreds of yards around, which was most annoying for our tyres. Reminded me of Mechlin in October 1914, when they wrecked all the shops round the cathedral.

SEVERAL cars belonging to the Anglo-French ambulance corps were out on the clearing-up job, their unit being quartered just outside the town in that part of the world, and it was heart-warming to see the quiet, business-like way they went about their work. One sees an awfu' lot in the daily pipers about quite a few greatly-advertised ambulance associations (unto whose Press agent I remove my tin *chapeau*), but after many thousand kilometres of goin' an' comin' during the last few weeks I have come to the conclusion that, outside the military and municipal outfits, the ambulances one really sees out and about the Paris streets and the 'ard, 'igh roads of France are the U.F.F., the light cars of the Hatfield-Spears (Mary Borden) mission, the above-mentioned Anglo-French corps, and, of course, the Anglo-Americans, to whom goes, so far, the sad honour of the worst casualties.

One rather wishes, by the way, that when French broadcasters talk about the various corps they would refrain from alluding to them as "corpse," in the praiseworthy but mistaken effort to give an English pronunciation to the word. It sounds so kinda grim.

Writing of tin *chapeaux*, the best use I have ever put mine to is when I took the lining out and let an evacuee baby be sick into it. An ambulance ride, over any distance, is a bilious-making job for

those who have to sit up in it, so that the proper utensil for the business I have just mentioned was greatly in request—and this does *not* reflect on the driving, I assure you.

THE sad and weary stream of Belgian refugees is a heart-breaking sight, of which you have no doubt read a great deal and seen more in the news-reels, and I know of nothing more ghastly to one's peace of mind, if not sense of duty, than to be loaded up to the roof, with the springs almost springless with the weight, so that one is obliged to remain deaf to the appeals of those one passes on the road during the return trips.

Lorries and more ambulances are needed badly. Those of the Union des Femmes de France (Croix Rouge Française) are nearly all gifts of French people living abroad. Each car proudly carries the Tricolor (the U.F.F.'s being affiliated to the 19^e Train des Équipages) as well as the Red Cross and the name of the country in which the donators live. There are Argentine, Haiti, I. and II., Cuba, Chile, Brazil and

Venezuela amongst others. They are driven by crack women drivers whose driving licence must be at least five years old; and the attendants, of course, can take the wheel in case of an emergency. Their Commandant is Mme. Maurice de Junca, a slip of a thing with a quelling blue eye, who can drive anything on wheels, from a furniture-van to a soap-box *en passant par* the Chevrolet ambulance that is the star number.



COMPOSER AND LIBRETTIST

Oscar Strauss, operetta composer of *Chocolate Soldier* fame, is now a naturalised Frenchman, and his new work, *Mes Amours*, for which the libretto was adapted by Albert Willemetz (seen here with the composer) and Leopold Marchand from the American *Bachelor Father*, had its gala première (described by Priscilla, May 22) at the Theatre Marigny in Paris last month, in aid of Lady Mendl's *Colis de Trianon* war charity organisation for sending comforts to the troops



LOVE DUETTISTS

The young stars of *Mes Amours*, Sophia Boteny and Roger Tréville, have the parts of an Italian and a Swiss respectively, making the show a very cosmopolitan affair, since Mlle. Boteny is actually a Rumanian, and the exigencies of the story demand that both should eventually turn out to be children of the same Scottish peer. In any case, the polyglot atmosphere gives Strauss an opportunity to throw in swing versions of the folk music of a good many nations

Let me introduce also Mme. Champétier de Ribes, who drills the unit before it goes on parade and was one of the first to be peppered by the flying lice; Germaine Levy, who knows more about the guts of a car than a professional mechanic, who is an expert *connoisseur* in genu-ine-old-antiques and who runs a big business in her spare time; Jacqueline Hennessy, whose name is like a drop of dew to a parched dandelion on likkerless days; Gabrielle Dayras (second-in-command), to whom everyone, cars included, turns for comfort and help in moments of stress; Yvonne Simon, who is the only woman driver who, alone with another woman, has crossed *le Hoggar* of Central Sahara and knows more about the African desert than Pierre Benoit and Rider Haggard rolled into one.

But the list of the *Femmes de France* whom I would like you to meet is too long to set down here. When the world is a happier place—and that must be soon—come over and meet them. PRISCILLA.

DESTROYER DIFFICULTIES — No. 3



LOADING-UP DEPTH-CHARGES: BY WING-COMMANDER E. G. OAKLEY-BEUTTLER

Not by any means a fantastic picture, but one of a spot of bother which any destroyer crew invariably goes through in bad weather. Hectic enough, in all conscience, when we know what is inside these neat round cases. Scene: the after-deck of a destroyer, heavy sea running, and the ship takes a lurch to port as the crew are hoisting a depth-charge out of the rack to place it in the mortar by which these things are hurled into the green and greasy ocean; the slung depth-charge takes possession of the situation and the spares come adrift from the rack and go hurtling to port, taking the crew with them. Who wouldn't buy a farm and live ashore?

AT HOME IN NORTHERN IRELAND



LADY DUFFERIN AND HER SON, LORD AVA
A recent and charming photograph of the Marchioness of Dufferin and Ava, taken at Clondeboye House, Co. Down, with her small son, Lord Ava



EQUESTRIAN EXERCISE

Lady Caroline Blackwood, aged nine, and her sister, Lady Perdita, aged six, are here shown setting out for a morning ride, and look very much at home on their ponies, and should make good riders in days to come. Clondeboye House is in the background, and in happier times has been the scene of many delightful house-parties given by Lord and Lady Dufferin



RESTING AFTER THE RIDE

Lady Perdita Blackwood and Lady Caroline having a rest after the morning ride, on the grey stone wall overlooking the Park and a gentle stream, reminiscent of the days of peace and pleasure, at the moment so cruelly disturbed. Now that he is no longer Parliamentary Under-Secretary to the Colonial Office, Lord Dufferin is hoping to go on service



LADY DUFFERIN AND HER CHILDREN

Photos.: Poole, Dublin

Here we see Lord Ava taking a little walking exercise, assisted by his mother and sisters. He is not yet quite old enough to ride, but will be astride before long, we may be sure. He appears to be taking a very friendly interest in the Australian sheepdog who has posed well for the photograph. Lady Dufferin was, before her marriage in 1930, Miss Maureen Guinness, and is the daughter of the Hon. Arthur and Mrs. Guinness, and niece of Lord Iveagh

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AT ALL THE BETTER SHOPS AND STORES

BUBBLE AND SQUEAK

THE A.R.P. warden was going home after duty in the black-out. Suddenly he dashed into the middle of the road, where, in the faint moonlight, he saw a man doubled up on the white line.

As he helped him to his feet, the warden asked anxiously:

"What happened? Was it a car knocked you down? Are you hurt?"

"Hurt? Me?" replied the other, with a hiccough. "No, I'm only winding up this bandage."

HOME on unexpected leave, Thomas Atkins changed into civvies and went to the local for a drink.

"That's a smart hat you've got on," commented the landlord.

Tommy took it off and looked at it with pride.

"Yes," he replied, "it's a present from the wife. She thought she'd surprise me with it, but I got home earlier than she expected and found it on the piano."

THE film producer had just discovered a new actress, and was raving to his associates about her.

"Just you see, you fellows," he said. "Give me two years to handle her, and I'll make her a star overnight."

AN argument was in progress and hot words led to blows. Suddenly one man was laid out with a blow from a beer bottle. Just at that moment a policeman strolled up.

"'Ere, wot's all this?" he demanded sternly.

"'E 'it me wiv a 'bottle!" cried the man on the ground.

"I never did," protested the other. "I thought 'e'd fainted an' so I was fannin' 'im wiv the bottle when, sudden like, 'e bobbed up!"

SHE had just come over from Ireland, and a London mistress engaged her. A bell hung in her room, and the morning after her arrival her mistress rang it to awaken her.

But the maid did not get up, though the bell rang repeatedly.

Finally the mistress rose herself, and hastened to the new domestic's room. There, wide awake, lay the maid, shaking with laughter.

"What on earth are you laughing at, Norah?" said the mistress.

"Faith, mum," answered Norah. "I'm laughin' at that bell. As shure as I live, I haven't touched it, an'—just see—it's waggin' yet!"

THE museum attendant approached the millionaire.

"Smoking is forbidden here, sir. You are liable to a fine of ten shillings."

"Well, here is a pound note," replied the culprit.

"I have no change, sir," said the attendant.

The millionaire turned to his secretary and handed him a cigar. "Here, John, you smoke as well."

THE customer in a bookshop asked the assistant for a book entitled "Man, the Master of the Earth."

"The next counter," replied the girl. "You want the fiction department."



PENELOPE DUDLEY WARD AND EVACUEES

Children evacuated to Dartington Hall, in Devon, have an added excitement in their new life since a company of film stars went down there to work on a screen version of Shaw's *Major Barbara*. Penelope Dudley Ward in particular is the quarry of many eager autograph-hunters. Miss Dudley Ward was married this year to Mr. Tony Pelissier, actor-son of Fay Compton, now on active service



BIG THREE OF "MAJOR BARBARA."

Gabriel Pascal, who is producing and directing the second, as he did the first, of Bernard Shaw's plays to be translated into celluloid, leans over the garden seat at Dartington Hall on which two of his stars are sitting. They are Wendy Hiller, who is expected to repeat as Major Barbara the success she had as Eliza, in *Pygmalion*, and Andrew Osborn, a young actor whom M. Pascal discovered and who is to play the part of Cusins

HE was a very keen young soldier, and meant to rise from the ranks as soon as possible. So diligently did he apply himself to all his duties that in three months he was made a lance-corporal.

Writing to his wife to tell her the great news, he added:

"It's my first step to promotion, but don't move to a larger house yet, and speak to the neighbours as usual."

A negro who had achieved some success in the handling of mules was asked how he managed the difficult creatures.

"Well, sah," replied the darkie, "when I'se plowin' and the mule stops, ah jest picks up some soil an' puts it in his mouth to taste. Den he goes right along."

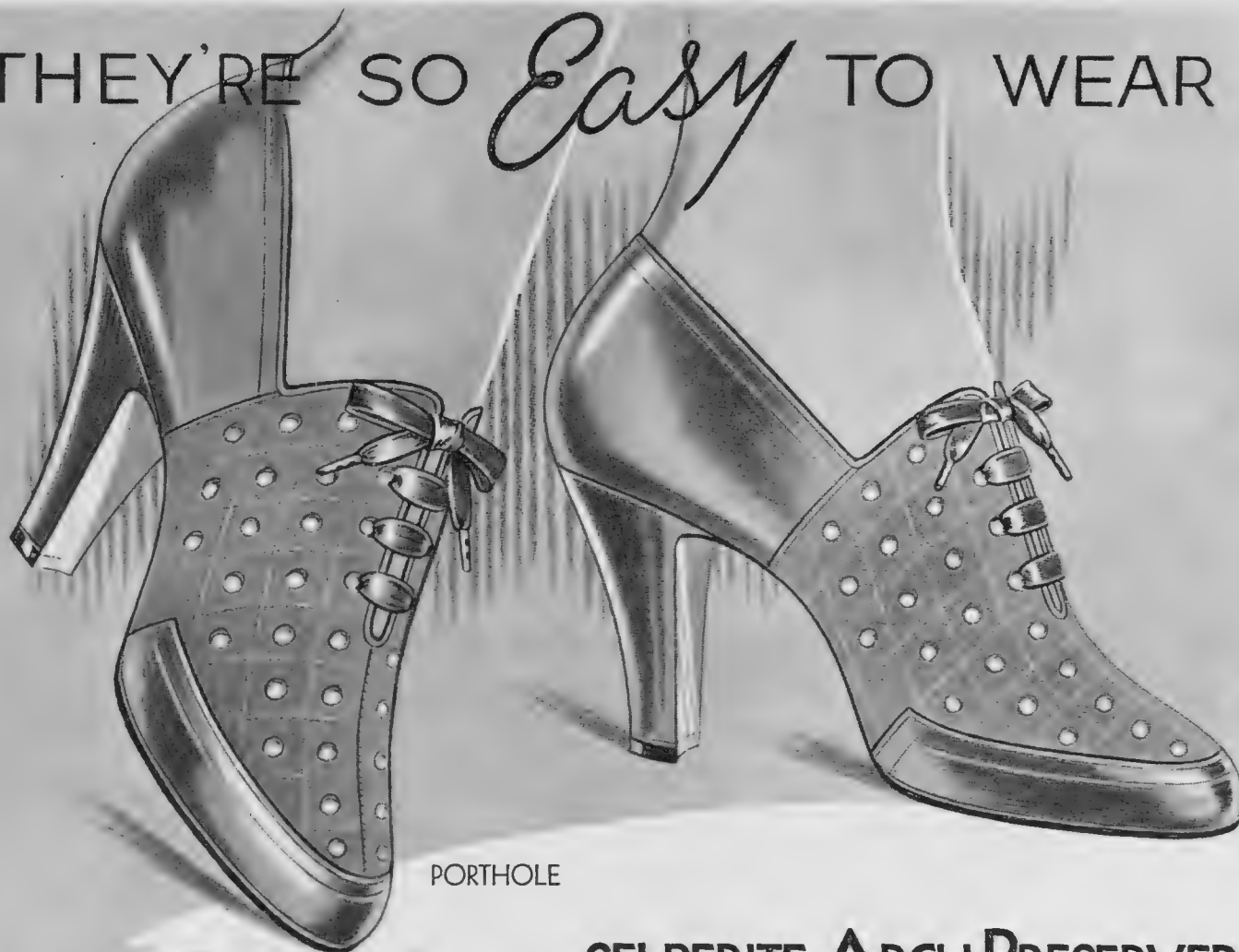
"What makes you think that affects him?" continued the questioner.

"I suah don't know," was the reply, "but I specs it makes him forget what he was thinkin' about."

A Scotsman staying on the twentieth floor of an American skyscraper looked out of the window and saw what he thought was a threepenny-bit. He ran down to the next floor and it looked like a sixpence. On the next floor it seemed to be a shilling, and on the next a half-crown.

He took the lift to the ground floor, ran out and found—a dustbin lid!

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THE TATLER
SHORT STORY

“DIE ENTE”

(THE DUCK)

By Richard St. Clair Riley

OLD GEORGE BRANDON set the hurricane lamp down on the rough table at the foot of his bunk, looked at his watch, which he drew from the pocket of his moleskin waistcoat, and then proceeded to busy himself at the stove with a frying-pan and a kettle.

While the kettle boiled, George drew on a pair of sea-boots over his thick worsted stockings and then crossed the floor of his one-roomed marsh dwelling to a bench on which lay a row of home-made shells, a large game-bag, a punt-gun, and sundry paraphernalia associated with wildfowling.

Lying full length, one on either side of the stove, were his two dogs: Bess, an old, black retriever bitch, and Sharp, of the same breed, but only ten months old. Sharp had recently been acquired from George's brother, head-keeper on the manor estate two miles back inland over the saltings, and it was George's intention to train him in the art of fowling, as he had trained Bess at the same age nigh on twelve years previously.

Having satisfied himself that all his gear was in order, George sat down to eat fried ham and thick chunks of bread, which he washed down with strong, hot tea, black as tar were it not let down with milk from the goat which he kept in a snug lean-to on the end of his cabin.

The intense silence of the early morning was broken only by the snores of old Bess and an occasional sucking noise as George filtered tea through his whiskers. Suddenly George dropped his knife with a clatter on the tin plate in front of him and, with an expression of annoyance on his face, looked in the direction of the blacked-out window. The drone of a distant aero-engine was borne to his bewhiskered ears.

“Seaplane,” grunted George, and he lapsed into thought for a moment.

“Must be escorting some patrolling destroyer back up the estuary to the base. Dang it! How could a fellow expect ducks to come in with seaplanes buzzing round at six o'clock in the morning, and maybe landing on top of them?” Still, the commander of the station had allowed him to carry on his occupation in the estuary in spite of the fact that it was heavily mined. He couldn't grumble: they might have stopped him altogether.

George finished his meal and then donned his sheepskin jacket, oilskins, Balaclava helmet and white camouflage smock. With the duck barrel over his shoulder and his bags slung across his back, he lifted the door latch, at the sound of which the dogs stirred, stretched and followed him into the cold of a December morning as he limped down to the staithes where *Jenny* rode at her moorings. Bess ambled along at a dignified waddle compatible with her years, and Sharp brought up the rear, still only half-awake. He was not yet accustomed to this sort of game, particularly at such an early hour.

Two hundred yards or so from his door George gazed up into the wintry sky, and then he turned and looked back at his cabin. It presented a snug appearance from the outside, with its squat chimney, its tarred flint walls and heavily thatched roof almost as black with age as the walls.

George removed the oilskin cover and sacks from *Jenny's* auxiliary motor, and after several abortive snorts from the exhaust he eventually got under way with

his punt in tow, and chugged slowly down the creek into the main channel towards the marshes on the far side of the sound.

Having negotiated the creek and channel, George steered *Jenny's* prow into a small sidewater, where he dropped anchor and brought the canoe-like punt alongside. George lowered himself into the punt and fixed the loaded duck-gun into position. The gun, examples of which are rarely seen these days, was the apple of George's eye; like a small edition of a warship's 16-in. gun, it measured some nine feet in length, had a bore of an inch and a half in diameter, weighed as much as a man, and was capable of firing up to two pounds in weight of shot.

Settling the dogs in the rear of him, George lay on his belly in the cramped cockpit behind the gun, and pushed off from *Jenny's* side with the aid of a small paddle.

Drifting like a log, the punt floated with the tide down the channel towards the open

sea. George scanned the surface of the water with his telescope. With a grunt of satisfaction he lowered the glass and, with his paddle, steered the punt towards the mud-flats on his left. George used his telescope again, and sure enough there were duck bobbing about on the water like so many corks.

Slowly and silently he steered in their direction. Even the dogs seemed to sense the forthcoming action, and the young, untrained Sharp let out an impatient whimper.

“Dang 'ee, 'ush!” growled George, but again the youngster gave oral vent to his feelings.

“'Ush, will 'ee?” reprimanded George, as he felt for the pup with his heel to give him a tap.

Taking cover behind a reed-bed, he steered towards the ducks, which were still oblivious of their impending destruction.

“'Unerd an' fifty, if there be one,” grunted George to himself, and at forty yards' range he prepared to sight the gun.

Suddenly Sharp whimpered again—a strange, uncanny whimper associated by some superstitious folk with approaching death or evil, and, simultaneous with the dog's cry, George gave an annoyed and half-incredulous gasp of amazement. The ducks were being lifted out of the water! George rubbed his forehead with the back of his rough, weatherbeaten hand and looked again: then, shrieking loud cries of fear, they swept into the sky.

George snatched up his glass from the floor of the cockpit and viewed the surface of the estuary, which was now broken by small waves as something rose out of the depths. He watched until his eyes watered, as a stick-like object, followed by a barrel-shaped tower and then the whole length of an underwater craft, broke surface.

Trembling with apprehension, George looked again. “*Die Ente*,” he whispered to himself as he spelt out the words on her prow to the satisfaction of his native dialect.

The top of the conning-tower lifted and a man's head appeared. George lay quite still, not knowing quite what to do. The man clambered out and was followed by a second and then a third, who suddenly caught his companion by the arm and pointed skywards.

“*Flugmaschine!*” he snapped, but to George this meant nothing except that he associated the word with the unmistakable engine-note of an approaching reconnaissance 'plane.

The three men raced for the hatch, George saw them along his duck barrel and fired. Two fell with shouts into the water, the third slumped in a grotesque attitude across the edge of the tower, half-in, half-out, and the stick-like object disappeared under the terrific charge from George's miniature cannon. Then, from the direction of the U-boat, there came a muffled roar, followed by a blinding sheet of flame. George and his dogs were flung into the sea as the punt capsized in the terrific upheaval of water.

Half-dazed, half-blinded with oil, and drenched in sea-water, George scrambled as best he could on to the flat bottom of his upturned punt. A whimper caused him to look down into the oily water where young Sharp was proudly swimming round the punt with a German sailor's swastika-decorated cap in his mouth.

George had got his duck!



Poole, Dublin

IRISH WAR ROMANCE

Lieutenant A. M. MacKinnon, of the Fleet Air Arm, whose wedding to the Hon. Patricia Dixon, W.A.A.F., will take place as soon as leave permits. The bride-to-be is the youngest daughter of Lord Glentoran, formerly Captain Herbert Dixon, the famous Irish race-horse owner, and of Lady Glentoran, of Ballylally, Co. Down. Miss Dixon rides very well and in peacetime plays polo, and hunts with the Co. Down Stag-hounds. Lieutenant MacKinnon is the only son of Mr. and Mrs. MacKinnon, of New York

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Carefully tailored coarse linen makes a cool, smart suit. The skirt is pleated all round; the jacket buttons to a high neckline and has four huge pockets. At the back the waist is sharply defined by darts and an inset belt. In chalk-white, navy, burnt sugar. £6 : 6 : 0

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AIR EDDIES

By OLIVER STEWART

Spirit

THE grimmer the war, the greater the jesting of the troops—at least, that is almost how it looks when one talks to those members of the Royal Air Force who have lately been engaged in the fiercest air-fighting of all time. And while those fighting-men keep their spirits at this pitch they inspire the whole country with confidence. There was that amazing story, for instance—extraordinarily well told by Captain Harold Balfour in a broadcast talk—of the pilot of the Royal Air Force who was forced to land in country occupied by the enemy, near to where droves of German fighting vehicles were surging along the roads. He was in full flying kit, which does not show very marked distinctions between one country and another, and going towards the road he jumped on to a passing tank. Apparently the German tank crew never dreamed that a British pilot would be wandering about in that area, and let him sit there while they rushed him back to Allied territory!

You can hear many stories equally amazing if you spend half an hour with our pilots and aircraft crews. In the most dreadful encounters they exhibit that curious twist which persists in seeing something funny in the German. There have been more cases of British machines, after being involved in dog-fights, joining up with enemy formations of fighters and remaining with them, unnoticed, for quite long periods. Every combat report shows a humorous slant. Dare one believe that this astonishing sense of the comic, which pervades and invades the most desperate and tragic circumstances, is the very vital force which sustains and will sustain us?

Pen and Swords

I liked particularly that account of how sixteen men of the Royal Air Force ground staff, with some French soldiers



AN R.A.F. WEDDING: SQUADRON LEADER AND MRS. DESMOND WHEELER

Leaving Holy Trinity Church, Barnes, after their wedding on May 25. The bride was Miss Mavis Finegan and is the only daughter of Mrs. Fores, of Castelnau Mansions, Barnes. Squadron Leader Wheeler is the eldest son of the late Lieut.-Colonel Wheeler, V.C., and of the late Mrs. Wheeler

from an *estaminet* near by, destroyed a force of German parachutists which had descended on a French village. The Allied force was led in this extraordinary encounter by a sergeant-clerk, who demonstrated convincingly that the pen was mightier than the parachute. They chased the Germans round the houses, past the corners and in the nooks and crannies, and although the Germans had their sub-machine-guns, which are nasty things to come across at a doorway, and our men only rifles, they kept at it until there was not a German left.

These are the sort of men who, in the blackest hour, will hold fast. They are to be found in all branches of the Services, in all the trades. As I write, it is plain that they are to be tested beyond anything they have previously endured. But it still remains true that to meet them and to talk with them for a few minutes is to believe in them.

Air Stories

ONE warning, which I think it is worth uttering now. It is that stories about amazing new aircraft and air devices used by the Germans should always be scrutinised with the greatest care before they are believed or even listened to. There was that one about a new German aeroplane that "hovered." Well, our own Army co-operation aircraft, though they cannot "hover," can fly fairly slowly, and when there is a high wind and they are dead into it they can come near to remaining stationary relative to the ground.

Then there are all the

"aerial torpedo" stories.

Maybe the Germans have

an aerial torpedo, or gliding bomb.

Most countries have tried such things

in the past. But the

aerial torpedo is not going

to be any more

dreadful than the ordinary

aerial bomb: in fact, it must

inevitably be slightly less heavy so

far as explosive charge is concerned.

"Darts" have been mentioned

a lot. Personally, I think that

these "darts" have always been

small incendiary bombs. They look

much like darts. But again, it is

possible that darts might be used.

They were used in the war of 1914-18

for anti-airship work.

Most important of all—and on

this point I appeal to all my pilot

readers to do what they can to scotch

false rumours—is the idea that a per-

son in an aeroplane has unlimited

powers of vision and can see the

smallest objects and movements on

the ground.

The dive-bombing aeroplane comes

fairly close to its target, and machine-

gun attacks may be made from low

down, where the aircraft crews can

see people distinctly. But at only 2000 ft. people are becoming difficult to see, and at the heights at which a great deal of bombing is done by the Germans the selection of any but the broadest target areas is impossible. The powers of the aeroplane when used ruthlessly are great enough, and we do not want to exaggerate them just now. It is for those who understand aeroplanes, for the pilots and



GROUP CAPTAIN H.R.H. THE DUKE OF KENT AND SOME R.A.F. OFFICERS

His Majesty the King has permitted H.R.H. the Duke of Kent temporarily to relinquish the rank of Air Vice Marshal and assume that of Group Captain and be charged with special duties connected with the welfare of R.A.F. personnel. H.R.H. was formerly in the Intelligence Department at the Admiralty. The group was taken at an aerodrome

mechanics, to be constantly on the alert to scotch such rumours.

Bonds

THERE is another great, general duty.

It is to talk and work to maintain and cement ever more strongly the link between the Allies, France and Great Britain. No word should be allowed to be uttered in criticism of one side or the other individually. We are both working with all our might, and though we know that we both must make mistakes, those mistakes will not be fatal unless they are allowed to lead to a weakening of the bonds between us.

It is to weaken those bonds that the German propaganda service has been straining every nerve. In the air the Royal Air Force and the Armée de l'Air have been working in perfect harmony, and their mutual regard and respect was never higher. Let no one be betrayed into making ill-informed and stupid criticisms.



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AIRWOMAN AMBULANCE DRIVER

Miss Jean Batten, the intrepid Australian airwoman whose solo flights made peacetime history, has now turned her courage and resource to the succour of the wounded. Her ambulance, one of six, commanded by French officers, destined to work behind the French lines, was presented to the Anglo-French Red Cross by the Durham Miners' Association

Man the Machines.

A FEW weeks ago, when discussing the activities of a trade body devoted to the wartime needs of motor agents and garages, I said that, in times like these, there should be work of national importance for every one of them, from the managing director to the boy who served the petrol-pumps. The call has come at last, and every fitter, electrician and mechanic is needed now to speed up our output of aircraft, tanks and war gear of all sorts. Soon we shall feel the effect of their absence. Those who can will have to do their own repairs and adjustments, while those without technical knowledge will have to rely on their mechanically-minded friends, or get along as best they can in a growing state of disrepair.

The country's call to man the machines day and night, week-ends and all, will be fully met by the working-man. I spent ten years in a great and successful motor-car and aero-engine factory, and had many opportunities for studying his make-up. The thing that impressed me most was the interest and keenness he showed when anyone asked him to explain anything in connection with his job. He would go into the greatest detail and take the minutest pains to enlighten the enquirer. The men in that factory were of a good type. Some had worked there all their lives, and now their sons and sons-in-law are manning the same benches and machines. I admired their stamina.

Some cycled in ten miles a day, and home again in the evening, wet or fine, winter and summer. And then thought nothing of standing up to their work for eight hours each day. The factory was noted for its cleanliness and tidiness, from which the work-people took their cue by keeping their benches and machines in perfect order. When times were bad, the managing director called them all together, explained the

cooking arrangements. It never stops more than two or three days at any one place, and besides earning its living has to strip, pack, transport, unpack and erect itself between every stop. This moving village is our old friend Bertram Mills' Circus. The staff and artists live in their own caravans. Ford tractors are used to haul great lorries, which carry the animals and all the apparatus which completes the "big top." Electric light is generated by Diesel engines. A travelling workshop is an important feature.

But what interested me most was the group of *de luxe* caravans belonging to the two sons of the late Bertram Mills. These vehicles were designed and built at the Circus's own headquarters' workshop at Ascot. They are fitted with baths, hot and cold water supply, Calor gas, electricity, kitchens, and living and sleeping quarters. Their *décor* and appointments are delightful, and suggest a high degree of comfort and culture. About the only refinement they

situation, and told them to tighten their belts. They took it without a murmur, and presently things improved. And so it will be in these grim times. Once they understand the situation, they'll do their best to meet it.

A Village on Tour.

AND now away from war-talk for a moment. The other day I visited a community, 250 strong, which is always on the move, complete with its own living quarters, and washing, heating, lighting and

hadn't got was air-conditioning. Otherwise one might easily have thought one was looking through the wrong end of a telescope into an exceptionally attractive flat.

In this show everyone works, and works hard. For instance, the lady who effects ticket-transfers at the entrance office turned out later to be the owner of a comic bull; while two of the prettier programme-sellers eventually reappeared high up in the awning as trapezists.

The principal attraction is Korringa, who is buried alive twice daily for five minutes. She recently worked this turn in Germany, being promised a fantastic salary. When her contract was finished, she found she couldn't take the money out of the country. The result was she now owns a German car with the longest bonnet I've ever seen. But for her routine driving I noted she preferred a small, open Standard, while the monster German car rested under a dust-sheet.

Wolseley "Waste-Not" Policy.

IF you've ever visited a motor factory, you will have noted spirals of oily metal wriggling from the machine-tools as they fashion some piece of material. In the Wolseley and other works, neither these spirals of metal, or "swarf," as they are called, nor the oil adhering to them is wasted. For the oily swarf is collected and put into an apparatus which functions rather like a cream separator. The receiver is spun round at speed, and centrifugal force causes the oil to leave the swarf, after which it is collected, purified, and used again.

The metal, which may be iron, steel, brass or aluminium, has then to be sorted out, an operation which is performed by passing it over magnets, which attract the ferrous metals and leave the non-ferrous. Other by-products of manufacture, such as leather, rexine, wool, hessian, calico and felt, are also collected and sorted. The wool goes to the Yorkshire mills, and may eventually find its way into uniforms for the Services. The leather strips are used by the fancy-goods trades and boot and shoe manufacturers. Even the waste-paper is baled and returned to the mills for re-pulping.

How You Can Help.

THE least a motorist can do is to have his or her car instantly ready for any action the Government may demand. So keep your tanks and sump full, your tyres pumped up, your starter and lighting equipment efficient. Plan your air-raid action beforehand. Get it clear in your mind that you must park your car off the road and, if possible, in an isolated spot. Then take cover. At night remove, with your fingers only, the revolving arm under the distributor-cover. The latter is the cap at which the cables from the sparking-plugs converge.



MISS MOLLY JARVIS

The daughter of the well-known racing owner, Mr. Christopher Jarvis, is doing her bit as an A.R.P. ambulance driver in Hornsey—a job whose potential importance becomes daily more evident



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Highway of Fashion

by M. E. Brooke



A BRIDE always appreciates a breakfast jacket as a wedding gift, and of course an invalid likes such an affair as the one portrayed on the left. It may be seen in Harrods' negligée salons, and is made of shell-pink silk satin trimmed with marabou. There are others entirely composed of marabou and feathers. By the way, maternity smocks are here to be seen



NO, it is not a house frock, but an artistic negligée from Harrods, Knightsbridge. It is of pale-blue broderie anglaise showing a leaf design posed on chiffon of a slightly darker shade. The puff sleeves are in complete harmony with the full skirt, the waist being emphasized with a narrow belt. The price will come as a great surprise when it is stated that it is 6½ guineas. Housecoats have by no means been neglected in these salons. Many of them have tailored notes

EVERY woman enjoys a visit to the White House, 51 New Bond Street, with its fashions for children and for the grown-ups, simple frocks and blouses. The latter appear to have been made by fairy fingers. It is a printed crêpe dress that is seen on the right. Red and white is the colour scheme, while the panel is of the former colour. It looks charming, too, in black and white. Again, there are frocks with short and long coats, just right for warm weather



Photographs by Hugh White

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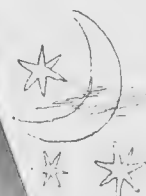
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DAY *and* Evening

TODAY women are seeking something different. Their quest is ended when they enter Threshers' (64 Grosvenor Street) artistic salons. The colour schemes are charming, and so are the dresses. Below is a dinner dress carried out in moss crêpe. The colour is purple, with a decided touch of blue in its composition; red shades predominate in the yoke, outlined in gold embroidery. Neither must it be overlooked that there are chintz breakfast frocks for a guinea, and little cotton dresses with puff sleeves for 21s. 6d.



THE Little Model Room at Harvey Nichols, Knightsbridge, has recently been opened, and has met with great success. Original and exclusive are the dresses there to be found, and the prices are more than pleasant. The dress pictured on the left of this page may be seen there, the price being five guineas. It is made of watered-ribbon patterned real silk; the waistline is becomingly arranged, giving to the figure just the correct outline. There are many versions of this theme in various colour schemes and designs. On application, this firm would gladly send their brochure

Photographs by Hugh White





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THREE RECENT WEDDINGS



The wedding took place recently at Holy Trinity Church, Sloane Street, between Second Lieutenant Sydney Paget, of Lavant, Chichester, Sussex, and Miss Justine M. Sawyer, daughter of the late Major Harcourt Sawyer, of Lyminster Court, Sussex, and Mrs. Harcourt Sawyer, of Chelsea



A recent wedding at All Saints' Church, West Haddon, was that between Mr. Patrick Geoffrey Corbett, 1st Northamptonshire Yeomanry, elder son of Mr. and Mrs. G. R. J. Corbett, of Rossferry, Enniskillen, Northern Ireland, and Miss Margaret Louise (Bunty) Sewell, only daughter of Brigadier-General and Mrs. H. S. Sewell, of Tysoe Manor, Tysoe, Warwickshire, and Arcadia, Jamaica



The wedding took place recently at All Souls' Church, Langham Place, between Lieutenant Painton S. Cowen, Royal Marines, son of Mr. and Mrs. W. Painton Cowen, of Burma, and Miss Doris Pamela May (Pamela May, the Vic-Wells ballet dancer), daughter of Mr. and Mrs. R. H. May, of Blackheath, London

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A catalogue of canteens in Oak and Walnut, together with a copy of "Table Knowledge" by Joan Woolcombe, is available free from Community, 189(P) Regent Street, London, W.1.

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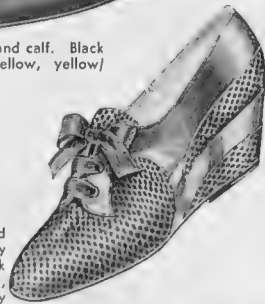
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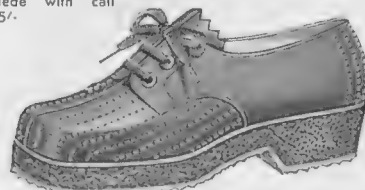
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The Home Front—(Continued from page 366)

remembers vividly the last time her citadel was attacked—when a little piece of the castle rock was blown off during the Zeppelin raid which caused heavy casualties in the "Auld Toun," owing to the age of the houses and the number of people living in them. Now the Scottish capital is one of the safest cities because its civil defence has been magnificently organized. If the worst came to Princes Street the population could take to the seven hills, and burrow. Not that they show the least concern.

The bar at the Caley is absolutely crammed, the Navy keeping to itself on one side of the glass partition, and the ever-popular Apéritif has opened a new room. The de Guise remains moresated, with an older and richer clientèle, including members of the Scottish Command. There my spy saw Mr. Charles Peel of Eagles-cairnie; Colonel Chichester de W. Crookshank (the popular "Crookie M.P.") and Sir "Sandy" Seton with his new wife, who is Sir "Archie" Sinclair's wife's sister, a daughter of that irrespressible Edwardian wit, Lady Angela St. Clair Erskine, or Forbes. Nearly every one had changed for dinner. That there are now several Edinburgh restaurants where *les jeunes filles bien élevées* and escorts can enjoy themselves with impunity is a striking change from the days when my spy was their age. She remembers rattling over the cobbles in a cab



A DIPLOMATIC WEDDING

On the day before the German invasion of Denmark, Ronald Turnbull, Press Attaché at the British Legation in Copenhagen, became engaged to Miss Maria Thereza do Rio Branco, daughter of the Brazilian Minister there. Mr. Turnbull came home with the Legation party, and his fiancée soon followed for the wedding to take place on May 22 at the Church of St. Mary of the Angels, London

("be home at midnight, please") from Miss Lunn's dances in George Street, but when I was young Edinburgh girls and boys went to the Palais de Danse in the afternoons, duly chaperoned, and were not allowed to buy partners (girls ninepence; men sixpence). Sir David Baird, who once pretended that he had stood in the sixpenny pen but no one would book a dance with him, has celebrated his seventy-fifth birthday. Congratulations.



THE WALKER—DUNCAN WEDDING

The wedding took place on May 25 at St. Peter's, Eaton Square, of Mr. Robert Ramsay Campbell Walker, younger son of the late Mr. James Campbell Walker and Lady Lacey, of Sutton Veny House, Warminster, Wilts., and Miss Elizabeth Dauvergne Duncan, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Norman Duncan, of Wardes, Otham, Kent



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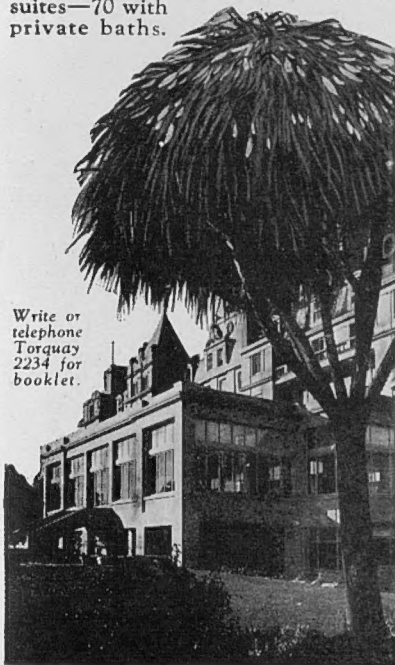
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